

A P O E M

OCCASIONED BY

His Majesties most Gracious Resolution

Declar'd in His Most Honourable Privy Council, *March 18. 1688.* For

Liberty of Conscience,

WHat *Heavenly Beam* thus Antidates
the Spring,
And Summers *Warmth* with Autumns *Fruits*
doth bring?
That spreads New Life throughout *Great*
Britains Isle,
And making the most *Sullen* *Temper* smile,
Does all the Jarring *Factions* Reconcile?
'Tis an *Indulgence* from the *Royal Brest*,
More *Fragrant* than the *Spices* of the *East*;
More *Welcome*, than to greedy *Misers*, *Wealth*;
To *Rebels*, *Pardon*; or to *Sick Men*, *Health*.
Sudden, yet *Calm* as the *Blest Angels* fly,
His *Resolution* comes for *Liberty*:
Liberty in *Things Sacred*, that Each tread
That *Path* which *Safest* him to *Bliss* may lead;
That *Elephants* may swim, that *Lambs* may wade,
And none each other worry or invade.
In *Heav'n* are many *Mansions*: And why then
Not *several* *Tracts* (tho' but *One Road*) for *Men*?
Keep the *Foundations* sure, joyn *Holy Life*,
And what need *Circumstantial* cause such *strife*?
So a kind *Father* does with equal *Care*
Cherish his *Children*, tho' perhaps, they wear
Each, diverse *Features*; each, a different *Hair*.

Religion is *GOD's* Work upon the *Soul*,
Which *Penal Laws* may startle, not *Controul*.
Even *Truth's*—*Profession*, when enjoy'd by *Force*,
Does rarely make *Men* *Better*; often, *Worse*.
For once compell'd unto *Hypocrisies*,
The *Sence* of *Vertue* and *Religion* dyes;
And then, on next fair *Opportunity*,
With greater *Heats* they to wild *Furies* fly.
For *True Religion* never *Faction* breeds,
Nor the *Support* of *Impious Weapons* needs.

Let *Mahomet* prescribe his *Alcoran*
To be advanc'd by *Arms*, fast as it can:
Christ's Gospel is a *Law* of *Peace* and *Love*,
And by *Conviction* on the *Heart* doth move.
When *Solomon* of *Old*, *God's Temple* Rear'd,
No noise of *Axes* was, nor *Hammers* heard:
Hard upon Hard no lasting *Work* will make,
Nor can one *Flint* another kindly break;
But *Moderation* is a *Cement* sure,
'Tis that which makes the *Universe* endure:
'Tis that which makes these *Realms* a *Tem-*
perate Zone,
Betwixt the *Torrid*, and the *Frozen* One.

More than *One hundred* years the *State*
had Try'd
To *Uniform* those *Seets* that wou'd *Divide*,
But still the *Teeming Hydra* Multiply'd.
Whilst one *Resolve* of *Mighty JAMES* allays
The *Tempests* of the *Past* and *Following* Days;
Unites his *Subjects*, makes 'em *Friends*, and so
All *Seeds* of *Faction* wholly does o'erthrow.
Holland no longer shall *Our People* drain;
No more our *Wealthy Manufactures* gain:
Henceforth *Rebellion* can have no *Pretence*,
To *Arm* the *Rabble* for their *Faiths* *Defence*.
Since *Each Mode* of *Religion* now is *Free*,
They'll All, I hope, conspire in *Loyalty*.

Let no *Bold Peevish* Man (prone to *Excess*)
Abuse this *Favour* to *Licentiousness*;
Refine too much on *Sovereign Decrees*
Of's *God*, or's *King*; but with true *bumbled* knees
Thank *Both*, for all the *Freedom* they enjoy,
And *Chearfully* Each follow his *Employ*:
No *Rivalship* be found in any *Seet*,
But who most *Souls* to *Heaven* shall *Direct*.

This may be Spoken, March 28. 1688. R. P.

LONDON, Printed by George Larkin, at the Coach and Horse without Bishopsgate. 1687.

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That spreads New Life throughout Great
Britain
And making the most sweet Temper smile
Does all the jarring Factions reconcile
Tis an Indulgence from the Royal Bed
More fragrant than the Spice of the East
More welcome than to greedy Mills
To Rebels Pardon; or to Sick Men Health
Sudden, yet Calm as the Blessing
His Resolution comes for Liberty
Liberty in Kings Sweet, that Each tread
That Path which leads him to Bliss may lead
That Epiphany may be, that Lamb may be
And none each other wrong or invade
If there are many Masters: And why then
I should I care (tho' but one Road) for Men
Keep the Foundation true, Joy in Holy Land
What need Compulsions can be laid
To find Father how to be good
Hearts be Children, tho' perhaps they wear
The same Features; each a different Hair
Religion is GOD's Work upon the Soul
With Pen and Ink may be, not Control
The same Passion, when enjoy'd by Force
Differently make Men better; often worse
Once compell'd unto Hypocrisies
The Sense of Virtue and Religion dyes
When on next full Opportunity
In greater Hearts they to wild Furies fly
In Religion never Faction breeds
The Support of Justice upon needs
Let no Gold Buy Men (prone to Excess)
Abuse this Favour to Licentiousness
Refuse too much on foreign Deceits
Of a God or a King; but with inward Freedom
Thank God for all the Freedom they enjoy
And cheerfully each follow his Employ
To be found in any State
But who will see to Heaven shall direct
God may be justified March 22. 1687

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